There was
her

was.

But then...

This is the world I grew up in.

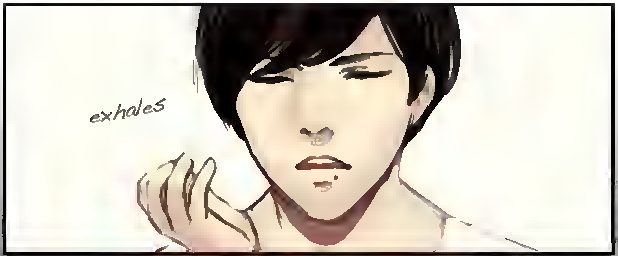
And as cynical as it sounds, it's the truth and I just learned to accept it.

I was bothered by the fact that I was treated sa differently far na apparent reason.
Ta me, it meant that people didn't like me for who I was, but rather far wha they thought I

Comment to Win!

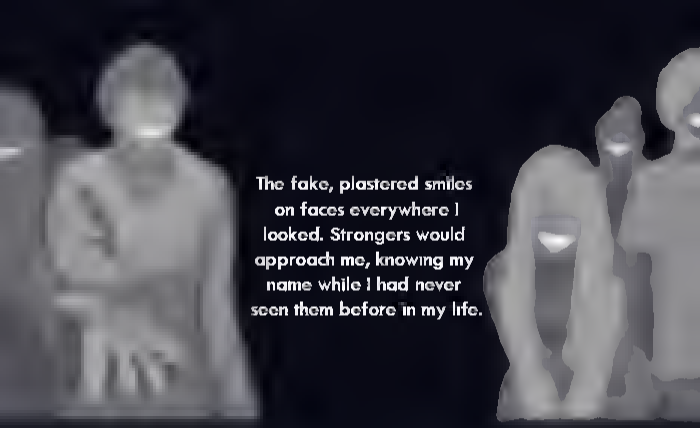
Leave an awesome comment to win an iPad.

*Event period : Apr 1 to 15 More details are on the NOTICE page

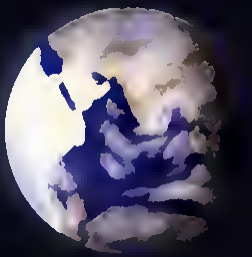

exhales

I was born right into the media of society. My mother was a famous super model in her younger days, even long before she had me.
Cameras, publicity, fashion trends, paparazzi... I had been exposed to it all since day one
It was pretty suffocating, actually.

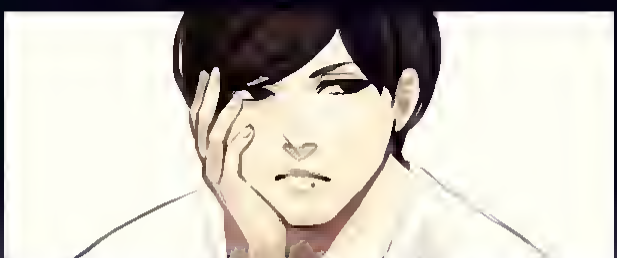
where
Tangents
meet


The fake, plastered smiles on faces everywhere I looked. Strongers would approach me, knowing my name while I had never seen them before in my life.
They would put me on an imaginary pedestal for doing absolutely nothing.

Despite the deep and vast universe we live in,



our world is shallow.



But to be more specific, let's talk about people.

People care about

money,

status,

looks,

and fame...

where Tangents meet

instantmiso

Read the comics on LINE WEBTOON
to support the artists!
www.webtoons.com